

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

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5d. Stamped.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Production of "Il Re di Lahore."

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 28,** will be produced **M. MASSENET's** new Grand Opera, "**IL RE DI LAHORE.**" Nair, Mlle Turolla; Kaled, Mlle Pasqua; Scindia, M. Lassalle; Timur, Signor Silvestri; Indra, Signor Capponi; Il Duce, Signor Raguer; Un Soldato, Signor Manfredi; and Alim, Signor Gayarré. Conductor—Signor VIANESI. The incidental Divertissement (arranged by M. Hansen) will be supported by Mlle Zucchi, Mlle Reuter, and the Corps de Ballet. The scenery by Mr. Dawes, Mr. Caney, and assistants. The costumes by M. Feignard and Mlle Dubreuil. The properties by Mr. Labhart. The machinery by Mr. White. The *mise-en-scène* by Signor Tagliafico. On this occasion the doors will open at Half-past Seven, and the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

Last Week but Three.—Mlle Cepeda.

MONDAY next, June 30, BELLINI's Opera, "**NORMA.**" Norma, Mlle Cepeda; Adalgisa, Mlle Valeria; Orovoso, Signor Silvestri; and Pollio, Signor Sylva. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Mlle Adelina Patti.

TUESDAY next, July 1 (first time this season), ROSSINI's Opera, "**SEMIRAMIDE.**" Semiramide, Mlle Adelina Patti; Arsace, Mlle Scalchi; Assur, M. Galibard.

Doors open at Eight o'clock; the Opera commences at half-past.

The Box Office, under the portico of the theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Side Boxes on the first tier, 23 3s.; Upper Boxes, 23 12s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 21 1s.; Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

### THIS EVENING.

**MISS LOUISA BALL** (aged Nine Years) has the pleasure to announce that she will give a grand **EVENING BENEFIT CONCERT** at the **TOWN HALL, KILBURN, THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, June 28,** at Eight o'clock. The following eminent Artists have kindly consented to assist: Mlle Frances Brooke, Mrs Constance Arnott, Miss Helen D'Arcy (pupil of Signor Mazzoni), and Mlle Marie Belval, Signor Odoardo Barri, Mr Leonard Poynter, and Mr Gerard Coventry, Signor Broccolini, Mr Charles Howard, Signor Isidore de Lara, and Signor Monari Rocca; Pianoforte—Signor Tito Mattel. Recitations by Miss Louisa Ball. Conductors—Signor Isidore de Lara, Mr THEODORE DREW, and Mr IGNACE GIBSON. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Miss Louisa Ball, 167, Carlton Road, Kilburn; Mr Alfred Phillips, Music Warehouse, Kilburn Road; and of the Hall Keeper, at the Hall.

## BEETHOVEN'S POSTHUMOUS QUARTETS,

at

**M. LUDWIG and DAUBERT'S CHAMBER CONCERTS,** the **FOURTH and LAST CONCERT** of the present Series, on **THURSDAY Evening next, July 3,** at Eight o'clock, at the **ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.** Programme:—Quartet in D, "The Fair Maid of the Mill" (Raff); Song, "Loreley" (Liszt); Sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin (Schumann); Songs by Brahms and Mendelssohn; Quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 131 (Beethoven). Vocalist—Miss Lilian Bailey. Pianoforte—Herr Hensler. Violins—M. Ludwig and Alfred Gibson. Viola—J. B. Zerlini. Violoncello—H. Daubert. Tickets, 7s., 3s. and 1s., at Chappell & Co.'s; Herr Ludwig, 18, Park Place Villas, N.W.; and of Herr Daubert, 14, Devonshire Street, W.

**MISS CHARLOTTE MAY** has the honour to announce that her **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the **NEW VESTRY HALL, Hampstead,** on **THURSDAY next, July 3,** on which occasion the following Artists will appear: Vocalists—Mlle Stella Corva, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Miss Hancock, Miss Effie Youatt, and Signor Isidore de Lara; Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Miss Charlotte May and Herr Hause; Violin—Herr Otto Booth; Violoncello—Herr Schubert. Conductor—Herr SCHUBERT. Tickets at the Hall.

**MISS EMMA BARKER** has the honour to announce that her **FIRST MORNING CONCERT** will take place on **MONDAY, July 1,** at 26, **PORTLAND PLACE, W.** (by kind permission). To commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mlle Liebbart, Mlle Mary Cummings, Miss Carlotta Elliott, Miss Emma Barker, Mr W. Shakespeare, Signor Broccolini, Signor Isidore de Lara, Mr Holland, Mr Gerard Coventry, and Signor Urio. Solo Zither—Miss Kitty Berger. Pianoforte—Signor Tito Mattel. Conductors—Mr KUEH, Signor ROMANO, and Signor TITO MATTEL. Tickets, One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea, may be had of Miss Emma Barker, 81, Albert Street, Regent's Park; Messrs Hutchings & Bomer, 9, Conduit Street; Messrs Cramer & Co., Regent Street; and Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Grand Morning Performance.—Mlle Minnie Hauk.

**THIS DAY (SATURDAY), June 28** (commencing at Two o'clock), will be performed, "**CARMEN.**" Carmen, Mlle Minnie Hauk. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 28,** "**LES HUGUENOTS**" (terminating with the grand Duo at the end of the 4th Act). Raoul, Signor Fancelli; St Bris, Signor Galassi; Nevers, Signor Vaselli; Marcello, Herr Behrens; Urbain, Mlle Trebelli; Margherita di Valois, Mlle Hamakers (her first appearance in England); and Valentina, Mlle Eugénie Pappenheim.

Notice.—Next Week there will be a Performance Every Evening.

Mlle Etelka Gerster.

MONDAY next, June 30th (first time this season), "**DINORAH.**" Hoel, M. Boudil; and Dinorah, Mlle Etelka Gerster (her first appearance in that character).

Mlle Clara Louise Kellogg, Mlle Trebelli.

TUESDAY next, July 1, "**AIDA.**"

Mlle Christine Nilsson.

WEDNESDAY next, July 2, "**FAUST.**" Mephistopheles, M. Rondil (his first appearance in that character); Margherita, Mlle Christine Nilsson.

Extra Night.—Mlle Minnie Hauk.

THURSDAY next, July 3, "**CARMEN.**" Carmen, Mlle Minnie Hauk.

Mlle Etelka Gerster.—Début of Mlle Marie Rosé.

FRIDAY next, July 4, "**IL FLAUTO MAGICO.**"

SATURDAY Morning, July 5, "**AIDA.**"

The Opera will commence at Half-past Eight.

Stalls, 21s.; Dress Circle Seats (first two rows), 15s.; other Rows, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls (first two rows), 10s. 6d.; other Rows, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the Colonnade, open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

**MR CARL BOHRER** begs to announce that his **ANNUAL CONCERT** will take place **THIS DAY (SATURDAY), June 28,** at Half-past Two o'clock precisely (by kind permission of Mr and Mrs John Dennistoun Wood), at 82, **LADSBROKE GROVE, Kensington Park, Notting Hill.** Vocalists—Mlle Edith Wynne, Miss José Sherrington, Miss Kate Leopold, and Mlle Victoria de Bunsen, Signor Urio, Mr W. Shakespeare, Mr Maybrick, Signor Monari Rocca, Mr Richard Mansfield, and Mr Carl Bohrer, Miss Constance Keith, Miss Emily Dashwood, and Mr R. Dalton (Pupils of Mr Carl Bohrer). Instrumentalists—Herr Joseph Ludwig, M. Albert, Mr Oberthur, and Signor Tito Mattel. Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, Signori VIZETI, GELT, Herr HEINRICH LEIPOLD, and Mr LANDSAY SLOPER. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be obtained of Mr S. Hays; Messrs Cramer & Co., Regent Street; and of Mr Carl Bohrer, 31, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, W.

**STEINWAY HALL, July 1st, at Eight.—LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC CONCERT.**—Mmes Stein, Petrelli, Kemble, Muschamp, Frith, and Burton, Messrs F. Wood, Walter Clifford, Albert, Leon Castal, Edwya Frith, Rickard, and Signor Tito Mattel. Conductors—Herr LEHMEYER and Mr LANDSDOWNE COTTELL. (The Lyric Classes are now attending by upwards of 200 Students. A new Residential Department at Blackheath.)

"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

**MISS MARIAN BURTON** will sing **HENRY SMART's** popular Song, "**THE LADY OF THE LEA,**" at the Concert given by the London Conservatoire of Music, under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, on Tuesday evening next, July 1, at Steinway Hall.

**MDLLE MINA VIOITI** begs to announce that her **FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the **LAYOHAN HALL,** on **WEDNESDAY, July 9.** Conductor—Herr SCHUBERT. Full particulars will be duly announced.

## LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—

Professors and Examiners:—Signori Tito Mattel, Enrico Mattel, Monari-Rocca; Herren Lutgen and Jacoby; Messrs Albert, Boumann, Amand Castegnier, Tournour, and J. Riviere; Messrs H. C. Cooper, F. Chatterton, T. Lawrence, J. Hutchins, T. E. Mann, T. Harper, Bernhardt, and Lansdowne Cottell. The fee for residents is 21 guineas per term, inclusive of full board and a first-class railway season ticket; Opera admission, &c. Students can enter any time. Programmes and prospectuses post free.—O. RAY, Sec., Langham Hall, W.

**MISS EDWARDS** has the honour to announce that her ANNUAL MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place on FRIDAY next, July 4, at 49, EATON PLACE (by kind permission of Mr and Mrs Cornwallis West). Eminent Artists will assist. Tickets and Programmes at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; and at her Residence, 100, Ebury Street.

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**"AH! SE TU FOSSI MECO."**  
**MDLLE ZULIANO** will sing FRANCESCO BERGER's new Song, "AH! SE TU FOSSI MECO," at Mr Roworth's Concert, Moreton House, Clifton Gardens, This Day, June 28; and at all her engagements this season.

**"PEACEFULLY SLUMBER."**  
**MISS BEATA FRANCIS** will sing RANDEGGER's admired Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at her Concert, at the Royal Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, July 1.

**"MILLE VOLTE."**  
**MISS HOPE GLEN** and **HERR FOGELBERG** will sing RANDEGGER's admired Duet, "MILLE VOLTE," at Miss Beata Francis's Concert, at the Royal Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, July 1.

**"THE MESSAGE."**  
**MR HENRY GUY** will sing BLUMENTHAL's popular Song, "THE MESSAGE," at Miss Beata Francis's Concert, at the Royal Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, July 1.

**"MY LADY SLEEPS."**  
**MR SUCHET CHAMPION** will sing the Serenade, "MY LADY SLEEPS," by IGNACE GIBSONE, at Miss Louisa Ball's Benefit Concert, at the Town Hall, Kilburn, This (Saturday) Evening, June 28.

**"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."**  
**MRS CONSTANCE ARNOTT** will sing BENEDICT's admired Song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Kilburn Town Hall, This (Saturday) Evening, June 28.

**"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"**  
**MR BOYLE** will sing (by desire) ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Kilburn Assembly Rooms, This (Saturday) Evening, June 28th.

**"THE LADY OF THE LEA."**  
**MDME FRANCES BROOKE** will sing HENRY SMART's popular Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at the Kilburn Assembly Rooms, This (Saturday) Evening, June 28.

**"KILLARNEY."**  
**MDME ALICE BARTH** will sing BALFE's popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at the Opening Concert of the Winter Gardens, Blackpool, July 5.

**JULY 11th, 12th, and 14th.**  
**MR GERARD COVENTRY** will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," "THE MESSAGE," and IGNACE GIBSONE's "MY LADY SLEEPS," at Blackpool, on July 11th, 12th, and 14th.

**SINGING LESSONS.**  
**MR J. H. PEARSON** begs to announce his intention of giving SINGING LESSONS during the Season. For Terms, address 67, Sydney Street, South Kensington.

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**MSS. PIECES** and **SONGS** of Five pages, including Title, beautifully ENGRAVED and 100 copies PRINTED on best paper for £2 10s. CUNNINGHAM BOOSEY & Co., Steam Printers and Lithographers, 290, Oxford Street, W.

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**"MARCHÉ BRÉSILLIENNE."**  
**MR BROWNLOW BAKER** will play (by desire) IGNACE GIBSONE's "MARCHÉ BRÉSILLIENNE," at Miss Louisa Ball's Benefit Concert, at the Town Hall, Kilburn, This (Saturday) Evening, June 28.

**"HER VOICE."**  
**HER VOICE.** IGNACE GIBSONE's popular Song (poetry by "A Soldier's Daughter"), sung by Mdme ENRIQUEZ, is published price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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(Dedicated to CHARLES GODFREY, Esq.)  
MARCHÉ MILITAIRE (as performed by the Band of the Royal Horse Guards). Composed and arranged for the Pianoforte by LILLIE ALBRECHT. Price 4s. London: CHAMER & Co., 201, Regent Street, W.

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**AH! SE TU FOSSI MECO.** Romanza. Poesia di FELICE ROMANO. Musica di FRANCESCO BERGER. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**"LE RÉVEIL DU ROSSIGNOL."** Valse Élégante. Pour le Pianoforte. (Dedicated, by special permission, to the Countess of CHARLEMONT.) Par LILLIE ALBRECHT. Price 4s.  
"We have had frequent occasion to pass favourable comments upon the compositions of Miss Lillie Albrecht, a young lady well known in musical circles both as a pianist and a writer for that instrument. The themes upon which this Valse de Salon is founded are tuneful and graceful, and the arrangement for the performer, while not presenting any features of exceptional difficulty, is sufficiently brilliant to admit of being employed with happy effect as a medium for display. 'Le Réveil du Rossignol' bears the dedication to the Right Hon. the Countess of Charlemont."—*Sunday Times*.  
London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**"ON THE SEA."** Meditation. For the Pianoforte. By DESMOND L. RYAN. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Thesecond performance of *L'Africaine* found the new and interesting Selika restored to health and in unimpeded possession of her means. The result justified anticipation. A more ideal and engaging portrayal of Meyerbeer's last poetic creation has never been witnessed, and as such it was recognized by an audience able to appreciate and eager to applaud. Thus Mdme Adelina Patti has added another to the long and brilliant catalogue of her artistic triumphs. Her Selika is veritably "a thing of beauty," which to all who have witnessed it must be "a joy for ever." The success of M. Lassalle as Nelusko fully bore out all that was said on the occasion of his *début*, and the rest was as before.

As Fides, in the *Prophète*, Mdle Rosine Bloch made a far deeper impression than she had created as the heroine of *La Favorita*. Indeed, she took the house by surprise. Perhaps since Mdme Viardot, its original representative both in Paris and in London (1849), no one has more carefully studied, or more thoroughly understands, the character than this lady. At the Grand Opéra it is considered her best—an opinion from which London critics are unlikely to differ. It is well thought out and skilfully balanced from end to end, reaching its climax precisely where it was contemplated by the authors. It need scarcely be added that Mdle Bloch's most impressive scene was that in Münster Cathedral, where, in the newly-crowned impostor, Jean of Leyden, Fides recognizes her son, of whom, to arrest the menacing daggers of the Anabaptists, she denies all knowledge. Here, but for disparity of years, one might imagine that she had followed Mdme Viardot's every look and accent, so closely in many respects does her performance resemble that of her distinguished predecessor. In this scene, and that which follows, containing the prison soliloquy, too often suppressed, Mdle Bloch roused her audience to enthusiasm, and her success was achieved. The other characters were sustained by the same artists as recently, when Mdme Scalchi played Fides in quite a different style. A repetition of *Un Ballo in Maschera* deserves notice, if only on account of M. Lassalle's Renato, an admirable assumption which might have conjured up the Ankastrom of his own compatriot Auber's vastly superior *Gustave III.*, and the substitution of Signor Novelli for Signor Gayarré as the Duke. The latter performance—circumstances borne in mind—was a highly creditable effort, by which the Parmesan tenor, who, at the commencement of the season, came out as Lionello in *Martha*, and, later on, played Don Ottavio, has materially strengthened his position.

Repetitions of *Tannhäuser*, the *Nozze*, and *Don Giovanni* (last night) made up the programme of the week. For this evening we are promised M. Massenet's anxiously expected *Roi de Lahore*. Mr Gye has been working wonders this season.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The novelty of last week was the introduction of Verdi's *Aida*, for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, with great splendour of *mise-en-scène*, a distribution of characters almost in every particular efficient, and success in well-deserved proportion. About this, according to the opinion of many connoisseurs, finest work of the gifted Italian composer we are not required to say another word, the story and the music being as familiar to our own opera-going public as to that of any other city. Written expressly for the Egyptian capital, it was first performed at Cairo, on the 24th of December, 1871, on a gala night intended to celebrate the anniversary of the Khedive's birthday, and since then has obtained universal acceptance, not only in Europe, but in America, and, indeed, wherever Italian opera is a recognized institution. There were more reasons than one, however, why the production of *Aida* at Her Majesty's Theatre on the present occasion should have stimulated interest. The heroine of the evening was Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, who, it can hardly be forgotten, made her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre as the Marguerite of Gounod's *Faust*, in November, 1867, achieving a genuine success, which subsequent appearances in other characters during that year and the year following, when Mr Mapleson, after the destruction of the old theatre by fire, was forced to remove to Drury Lane, more than confirmed. The *Aida* of the popular American songstress, though familiar in her native country, had now for the first time to appeal to the verdict of a London public—an ordeal which, whatever Continental critics may think and argue, is by no means so easy to pass with full honours. We have the greater satisfaction, therefore, in being able to state that the judgment pronounced by a large and appreciative audience was decidedly favourable to Miss Kellogg's

assumption of one of the most trying parts in the repertory of modern lyric drama. The well-trained voice, the legitimate phrasing, and the strong dramatic intelligence were still what we remember them, eleven years since; and if the voice—which can hardly be denied—has lost somewhat of its force and *timbre*, it is still under the absolute control of its possessor, retaining, when not forced, all its pleasing quality. In adding that Miss Kellogg received a hearty welcome, and that every point in which she aimed at special effect was at once acknowledged and applauded, we are simply recording a fact. If repeated applause, calls before the lamps, and other demonstrations of the kind, indeed, may count for anything, her success was as real and undisputed as of yore. At the commencement of the opera she was evidently nervous, but as the performance went on her nervousness gradually wore off. The scene (Act III), outside the Temple of Isis, where occur—first, the duet in which Amonasro, the Ethiopian King, persuades Aida, under the menace of a father's curse, to win Radames over to their cause, and next, the duet in which Aida, thus overawed, induces the victorious Egyptian champion to betray his country for the sake of her love—showed Miss Kellogg to the highest advantage; and this was all the more creditable, inasmuch as here the resources of any artist undertaking such an exceptional character are, in a dramatic and musical sense, equally put to the test. In Mdme Trebelli, Miss Kellogg was confronted with an Amneris of no ordinary pretensions. The captive Ethiopian Princess neither in self-asserted supremacy nor in physical vigour is a match for her Royal Egyptian mistress. When Amneris discovers the secret attachment between Radames, the hero of her affections, and Aida, whom from the position of a slave she has elevated to that of a confidential friend, Mdme Trebelli becomes, indeed, a formidable rival. The accomplished Belgian artist takes the same view as that adopted by Mdme Scalchi, at the Royal Italian Opera, where the original representative of Amneris (June 22, 1876) was Mdle Ernesta Gindele, who, far less demonstrative, in the scene with the unrelenting priests, seemed rather to appeal to their pity than to terrify them with threats. In this very scene, however, Mdme Trebelli made the most powerful impression. The Radames of Signor Campanini justified all the praise it has elicited elsewhere, and during the entire performance won and preserved the sympathy of the audience. Signor Galassi was an excellent Amonasro; and thus the leading characters each presented a fair claim to distinction. Upon Signor Foli devolved the part of the High Priest, and upon Signor Susini that of the King of Egypt. The chorus and orchestra, the latter especially, were admirable throughout, Sir Michael Costa having bestowed more than usual pains on the preparatory rehearsals. That the *mise-en-scène* was worthy of the occasion has already been suggested, the scenery being from the designs of Signor Magnani, the costumes from those of Signor Zamperoni (both of the Scala at Milan), and the ballet arranged by the clever and happily inventive Mdme Katti Lanner. The performance generally, indeed, was one that reflected credit on all concerned, and, as such, was thoroughly appreciated.

For Saturday morning the opera selected was *Faust*, with Mdme Christine Nilsson (whose truly poetical "Mignon" is more and more anxiously looked for) as Marguerite, a new Valentine in Mr Carleton, an English barytone from whom much may be expected, and a new Faust in Signor Frapolli, who, although earning good opinions with every part he has hitherto essayed, has not previously enjoyed an opportunity for distinction of which he could so favourably take advantage. The house was crowded. In the evening, with renewed success, Mdme Etelka Gerster again appeared as Lucy of Lammermoor.

On Monday last a second performance of *Aida* fully bore out the good impression created by the first. Miss Kellogg, whose reception was again most cordial, shone to still greater advantage, and all went more smoothly and closely together. The splendour and completeness of the *mise-en-scène* again excited general remark. In consequence of the indisposition of Mdme Gerster, the promised *Dinorah* was postponed till Monday next, and *Rigoletto* substituted in its place, with Mdle Emilie Ambre as Gilda, M. Roudil as Rigoletto, Mdle Tremelli as Maddalena, and Signor Frapolli as the Duke. On Thursday the opera was *Lohengrin*, with M. Candidus (first time) as the Knight of the Swan, an assumption calling for some special notice. Last night there was a third performance of *Aida*. For the morning performance of to-day we are again promised *Carmen*,—with Minnie Hauk (perpetual attraction, it would seem) and for the evening the *Huguenots*, with Mad. Pappenheim as Valentine, and Mdle Hamakers (her first appearance) as Marguerite de Valois. *Mignon*, the long expected *Mignon*, is to be produced on Saturday night, positively.

Verdi's *Requiem* was recently performed, for the first time, in Antwerp. Pierre Benoit acted as conductor.

## Mlle SARAH BERNHARDT.

This celebrated lady having, by sheer dint of genius, made herself, as far as the stage is concerned, the rage of the present London season, is now increasing the *furor* by exhibiting her paintings and sculpture. The Art Gallery, at No. 33, Piccadilly, will, for some time to come, be open to the general public, who, fascinated by her marvellous histrionic powers, will doubtless flock to witness those extraneous evidences of her versatile talent. On Saturday, the 14th inst., the rooms were thrown open for private view; and those persons honoured with invitations must have experienced great pleasure in not only making acquaintance with the works of the artist, but also in being honoured by a personal introduction to the lady herself. Without the least ceremony, and with that absence of reserve that characterises the intercourse between artists, the fair hostess received her company with grace and friendliness, for indeed most present were in some way or other connected either with literature or the sister arts. To many of them, however, she was unknown off the stage. Yet the frail figure, attired so simply in black silk, was easily recognizable as the same that filled out the gorgeous folds of the classic costumes of the French drama; the pleasant, beaming features were the same often to be seen writhing in fictitious agony on the stage; the soft, liquid words of greeting issued from the same mouth that the night before poured forth torrents of scorn; and the eye, which now seemed only capable of sending out the softest beams of love and friendship, was the same that flashed, in mimic wrath, fierce lightnings of vengeance. "By Jove!" exclaimed one of her awkward and blushing admirers, who could not understand a single word of the kind speech she made to him, "Mlle Bernhardt is really just as charming off as on the stage." A distinguished visitor is seen to approach the fair actress, a man with eagle eye, massive brow, and handsome face deeply marked by seams ploughed by care; it is the face so faithfully and magnificently pictured by Millais for the walls of this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. But look! the harsh lines are melting away, the grave expression is changed into gaiety, as the renowned statesman, with sparkling vivacity, passes upon the lady the tributes of gallantry and expression of admiration for her genius. The grace of manner and elegance of speech of the actress find full response in the impassioned orator whose glowing words are ever intensified by appropriate gesture and suppleness of action. Genius, held by them in common, lights up and animates the features both of Sarah Bernhardt and Ewart Gladstone.

The exhibition consists of twenty-eight works of art, of which sixteen are oil paintings and the rest sculpture; the latter, perhaps, carrying away the prize of merit. The most important *tableau* in size, if not in ambitious treatment, is that entitled "Marchande de Palmes" (No. 1), a dark-eyed girl of the same order of beauty as Mr E. Long's "Esther," now to be seen at the Academy. Mlle Bernhardt has, from her point of view no doubt, been successful in the expression of the face, which is far more intense than arch. The eyes burn with rather a fierce lustre, and the face glows with a depth of colour other than that begotten of the sun's rays. Though in repose and smiling, it is such a face as indicates a character capable of doing things far more graphic than selling the green branches she now holds in her arms. Put a cross where the leaves rest, and you might behold an enthusiast who would dare the stake. The drawing and modelling of the figure are fairly good, excepting, perhaps, in one of the hands; and the colouring is vigorous and harmonious. The picture is somewhat too rich in varnish, and reminds one of Tennyson's "Curled and oiled Assyrian bull." The days of scented pomatum have passed away with some advantage to the locks of the present youth and maiden; and sticky, shiny varnish, such as seen in the "Marchande de Palmes," could be put aside without loss to modern art. "Les femme aux Perruches" (No. 4), is an attractive work. The lady, in an elegant dress, toying with birds, is not only excellently drawn, but the whole scheme shows Mlle Bernhardt to be a daring colourist. The yellow background shining like a golden guinea, would be fatal were it not supported by fitting tones equally as positive. This work is more decidedly French in character and sentiment than that previously noticed, and may be considered to indicate the fair artist's ultimate style. Upon English amateurs, however, the "Retour de l'Eglise" (No. 6), will exercise most charm. A sweet girl, modestly attired in a dark and becoming dress, is returning from church, holding in her gloved hands a book of prayers and a strip of palm. Her face, without being ruddy, shows health of body, and her whole demeanour speaks a purity of mind which has rendered devotion to her an act of supreme and holy love.

It has been previously intimated that sculpture is the branch of art in which Mlle Bernhardt excels, the modelling-stick, or sculptor's chisel, being certainly more under her command than the

brush. Whilst facing the wall upon which the pictures are hung, the gazer is made aware of the fact that there are objects of more powerful attraction at the end of the room; and, when released from the examination of canvases, he is irresistibly drawn to a certain piece of statuary which at once asserts its power and individuality. It is named "Après la Tempête" (No. 19), and represents a fisherwoman with her dead son stretched across her knees. The cruel sea has snatched away the jewel of her life, and in pitiless jest has thrown back only a broken and perishing casket. The poor mother, in agony, gazes on the face of her boy hanging down from her knees in the rigidity of death; the fair locks are clotted with slime, and the light of his bright eye is put out by the darkening waters. The well-formed youthful breast, save for its stillness, seems free from injury, but the hands that fall, as if seeking the earth, can never more embrace the neck of her who has nought now to do but to wail, and weep, and die. The story is touching, and is told by Mlle Bernhardt with exquisite pathos. The work received honourable mention at the Paris Exhibition, and will prove a lasting evidence of the great tragedian's talent. The "Buffon" (No. 27), and its companion, "Bellona enfant" (No. 25) are very clever productions. The bust of "William Busnach" (No. 21), with its satyr-like leer, shows ability in that branch of character portraiture; and the bust of "Regina Bernhardt" (No. 22) is remarkably pure and well finished. The whole collection gives the Londoner an opportunity of becoming acquainted with various manifestations of genius from a lady whose impersonations on the boards of the Gaiety, in connection with her talented companions of the Comédie Française, are now the talk of the town.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

## FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who presented to me, on my Seventy-second Birthday, Feb. 27, 1879, this Chair, made from the wood of the Village Blacksmith's Chestnut Tree.

Am I king, that I should call my own This splendid ebony throne? Or by what reason, or what right divine, Can I proclaim it mine?	The Danish king could not in all his Repel the ocean tide, [pride But seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong; Only because the spreading chestnut- tree Of old was sung by me.	Roll back the tide of Time. I see again, as one in vision sees, The blossoms and the bees, And hear the children's voices shout and call, And the brown chestnuts fall.
Well I remember it in all its prime, When in the summer time The affluent foliage of its branches made A cavern of cool shade.	I see the smithy with its fires aglow, I hear the bellows blow, And the shrill hammers on the anvil The iron white with heat! [beat
There by the blacksmith's forge, be- side the street, Its blossoms white and sweet Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive, And murmured like a hive.	And thus, dear children, have ye made This day a jubilee, [for me And to my more than threescore years and ten Brought back my youth again.
And when the winds of autumn, with a shout, Tossed its great arms about, The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath, Dropped to the ground beneath.	The heart hath its own memory like the mind, And in it are enshrined The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought The giver's loving thought.
And now some fragments of its branches bare, Shaped as a stately chair, Have by my hearthstone found a home at last, And whisper of the past.	Only your love and your remembrance could Give life to this dead wood, And make these branches leafless now so long, Blossom again in song.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 27, 1879.

Mlle Victoria de Bunsen had the honour to be selected by the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway as his partner in a waltz, at the ball given in the Freemasons' Tavern on Thursday, June 19th.

On the 19th inst., at the Ladies' Festival given by the Madrigal Society at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr G. A. Osborne's charming madrigal for five voices was enthusiastically encored, an honour it achieved two months previously when heard at the Madrigal Society for the first time.

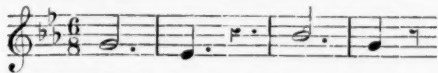
## FORM, OR DESIGN, IN MUSIC.

## VII.

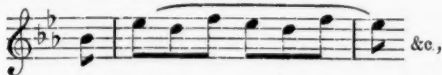
Enough examples have been given to show musical form or design to be outlined by division of keys, aided by variety of rhythm and by recurrence of idea, and to show how almost unlimited is the power of employment of the minuet and its magnified forms, the sonata and the rondo.

Rhythm, as we have found before, influences different movements in their character. The first movements are generally broader; the ideas and their divisions vary in length and rhythm, and are connected with one another by passages of different rhythm and perhaps less interesting matter. Several ideas may be contained in one subject, being grouped together by identity of key.

For example, the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, begins with an idea of but four bars—



divided into two phrases of two bars; the second idea—



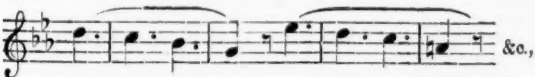
occupies twenty bars in which the phrases are longer; the third idea,



an extension of the first, is short and of short phrases, followed by six bars less significant, but which are of use to lead into the second subject or group of ideas. The first idea—



of this begins with two short phrases balanced by a longer one, with one bar as a connecting link to another similar idea. The next—



is of two short phrases followed by a long one, which on the repetition of the thought is much extended. The couplet of two-bar phrases occurs again, followed this time by two long ones. A third idea—



succeeds, which is of four-bar phrases, the fourth extended so as to be a connecting link to a fourth idea—



of eight-bar phrases. A fifth—



concludes the part with a marked accent of one-bar phrases.

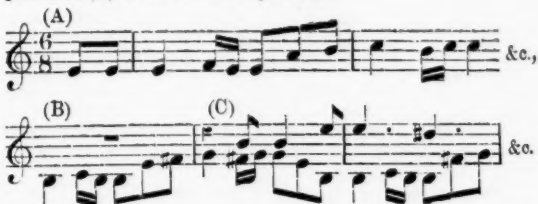
In a first movement, also, cadences are rare, being averted in all possible ways, or the cadence of one idea is made the first note of another; and as in overtures, sometimes the cadence of the whole first part is so woven into the second or free fantasia as hardly to be found out till the change of key shows that it has passed. But in other movements, scherzo, minuet and trio, finale, or even the slow movement, the rhythm is metrical, sentences are evenly balanced, cadences decided and frequent, and each idea is completed before the next begins.

An analogy to the construction of a first movement, or an overture, may be found in poetry. Dryden's *Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day* is full of varying rhythm and the stanzas are of different length, with metre suitable to their different subjects, and though the ode has not the regularity of other poems, the effect of the whole is harmonious. Another example by the same poet is *Alexander's Feast*, with rhythm still more varied. Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality* also bears a very close analogy in its construction to that of a first movement, with its rhythm now of short, now of long lines, with its rhyme now of two now of three, sometimes close, sometimes far apart, and now and then a line without its counterpart. Yet the effect of this is smooth and musical, and perfectly continuous. The choruses in Greek plays and the odes of Pindar are of the same varying rhythm.

It seems scarcely necessary to repeat how the divisions and the recurrence of idea strengthen these forms; how the ideas of the first subject are contrasted with those of the second; how the continuous ideas of the first part are in the second broken in conjunction with the broken rhythm, and the variety and short duration of keys; and how the return to restfulness of key and to smooth rhythm is rendered more clear and more marked as a return by the presence of the former ideas in their original, or nearly their original, shape.

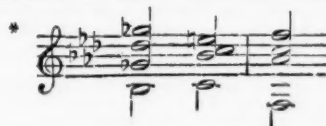
A unique instance of this return to rhythm and tonality without the idea, is in the finale of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, which, from the close of the free fantasia, is a continuous rush of new idea, carrying the movement irresistibly to the end.

Exceptions to the general contrast of idea between the first and second subjects occur in some symphonies of Haydn, where the second or dominant subject is begun with the first idea of the first or tonic subject; and again in Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, where the beginning of the first subject (A) is used as an accompaniment (B) to the second subject (C)—



Both these exceptions point more strongly to the main principle, that form is, above all things, marked by division of keys.

The many examples of modulation during the course of either tonic or dominant subject, may be thought to be exceptions to the balance of key. Those quoted among the varieties of the sonata form are examples of the latter, while others, not yet mentioned, are examples of the former; for instance, the sonata in F minor, Op. 57, by Beethoven, a single phrase of which is given in the main key, and immediately repeated in the major key of the minor second, G flat.\* But in all these the new keys group so closely round the principal key of the division to which they belong—those of the first subject to the tonic, those of the second to the dominant, or to that key which may be chosen to take the place of dominant—that they are felt to be but parts of that main key; children of that parent; boughs of that main branch, which is so important a



Ghest.

part of the tree itself; and thus they confirm rather than destroy the balance of key.

Occasionally, both balance of key and return of idea may be absent from a piece, as in the Fantasia, that of Mozart in C minor and of Beethoven in G being examples. In these rhythm is present, since each idea is definitely rhythmical.

Again, in some music rhythm may be absent as well as balance of key and return of idea; rhythm, that is to say, in its larger sense as the balance of sentences and phrases. This is in recitative, music that is written for the voice, and only imitated occasionally in instrumental music.

In both these cases the music is formless, though hung together in the former by the grouping and contrast of ideas, and in the latter by the words and by the power of declamation.

The forms of vocal music, in some respects similar to those of instrumental music, require separate treatment, and it is hoped that at some future time we may be able to carry on our thoughts to that branch of the subject of musical form.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

#### PARIS CIRQUE D'HIVER CONCERTS.

(From our Wolzogenian Correspondent.)

It was no wonder that, yesterday afternoon, such a sea of human beings filled a Parisian concert hall, large as it is, to overflowing, so that every square yard in the place contained its eager head and heart; when we think that Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the symphony of Beethoven were going to vibrate in this Cirque D'Hiver, it is not surprising. A great many people, however, were certainly attracted by Miss Thursby, the songstress who had created so great a furore seven days before. Each time Miss Thursby has sung a charming *scena* and *aria* by Mozart, coupled on one occasion with something by one Proch, and on the other with Rode's Variations. Her voice is somewhat night-tingalish and her vocalization, especially in high *staccato* passages, admirable. \* \* \* To call Rode's Variations music is *se moquer des gens*; but, remembering other parts of the programme, one was not in the humour to be angry with the Philistines who rapturously applauded it. \* \* \* *Apropos*—an injustice must be alluded to. Whilst agile vocalists, and even more especially piano, violin, and violoncello players, performing concertos—and concertos are generally masses of senseless gymnastics—get an extravagant meed of applause from many shallow or thoughtless people, by the exhibition of difficulties more apparent than real, unmeaning, and as a rule hideously strained out of the particular instrument's scope, the horn player, who has almost impossibilities to cope with, rarely gets a hand of encouragement; on the contrary excessively severe are the public with him should he make the slightest "conac"; yet his difficulties lead to something, and something beautiful. Before going to the more important parts of this concert, Mlle Marie Tayau, a young and rising violinist, must be mentioned as having interpreted with originality a not very interesting concertino by C. Le Grandval: also that the orchestra gave us one of M. Gounod's eternal soporific—insignificant *airs de ballet*.

Among the good qualities of M. Padeloup's orchestra is that it isn't a machine wound up once a week. At certain times its members play really ill. I remember their playing of the *Flying Dutchman* overture as a really shocking performance, the barren playing of the brass being enough to set one's hairs on end. At other times it is delightful to listen to them: this is very human, and therefore sympathy-evoking. To-day they were inspired, and their interpretation of the three great works was a thing to mark a lifetime.

The introduction to *Tristan and Isolde* is one of those pieces of music that electrify by their intensity; it breathes with life; the entranced hearer feels a palpitation, a panting in the sound, a sensation of warm blood rushing into and tingling through the harmonies, in fact things difficult to describe. It is because Wagner's genius-splendour, based on Nature, is based on Truth: he, the artist, envelopes Nature in the gorgeousness of an imagination bursting with vivid colour, yet Truth is always there streaming through like an inner light. The most grovelling true thing that is, is worth infinitely more than the most highflown false thing that isn't, and if *Tristan and Isolde* is voluptuous, there emanates from it such a feeling of Truth that it is perfectly irresistible.\*

What more lovely dream could there be than Mendelssohn's

\* Yoicks! Here be high jinks! Otto Beard.

*Midsummer Night's*? It is a spirit, a deep deliciousness, Love itself burning out into freedom, and revelling in the highest flights, a beautiful caprice as strong as ethereal could imagine or hanging beneath the moon to shed a low soft lingering loveliness like the *Nocturne*: here by-the-bye there is an opportunity of thoroughly enjoying the horn, an instrument that for beauty, for music of tone, as far exceeds any possible human voice as a star does a farthing rushlight.†

The Wedding March, which brought this series of extracts to a close, played as it was with great *verve*, produced as much effect as ever: "hackneyed" is a word only applicable when relating to the twopenny-halfpenny oleographs of Rossini and Verdi, especially Rossini, that true "épiciers" amongst composers.

Beethoven's 9th Symphony: fancy what this means! How is it the pen here writing does not burn the paper! Any words with which I would try and say something burst with the intensity of what they hold within them, and fall as wretched fragments to the earth while their soul soars beyond the sky!

Beethoven in his last works, but more tremendously than anywhere in his last symphony, seems to have gazed beyond life and death into eternity, and to have seen what no aspiring-thought, Love, Religion, or any other previous great splendour, had ever seen; he seems to have climbed to the topmost pinnacle of pinnacles and stared long on what was beyond; when on the wondrous being fell that unknown heat, light, or rather electricity, that made those gems of the divine, possessed by every living thing more or less, by him possessed mightier than by any other man that ever lived, magically become a 9th symphony, a vast sky, a deep wide singing sea, a fire of human emotions: its humanity, its nature make it the great song of a whole world. Surely if God's presence, whatever it be, was ever manifested on earth, it is retained glowing in a manner all unutterable in this thing.

Whilst under the spell, there seemed to me to be something no less than glorious about the musicians, the mere fiddlers, the trumpet players, the drummer, one and all as they were carried away by the flood; something no less than glorious hung about them.

We will go back a few weeks.

Wagner is a German, Berlioz is a Frenchman: this explains in a nutshell why within the last ten years Berlioz has been resuscitated and so greatly glorified here. It is all a question of vanity, France being determined to set up something in opposition to the German colossus. Now our brothers across-the-strait are strong again, and spite is dead within them; they have stopped cutting off nose, or rather ears, to annoy face; and whatever twaddle Imperialists may make use of, good nature lies at the bottom of the French character; therefore the nation which can boast at the present day of possessing a man like Massenet; will, it is to be hoped, soon put Berlioz into his proper place.

The Fantastic Symphony is a sort of elaborately developed fantastic tuning up; listening to it is like rambling by night in a boundless desert haunted by the ghosts of gibbering monkeys and braying asses, with frequent whirlwinds of blinding sand, and occasional nettles. Yet the vociferous applause with which the successive bales of long-winded hideousness were received by the crowd was scarcely a riddle; it was not till the next Sunday that the *Tannhäuser* overture brought cheers from all parts of the hall.‡

Berlioz was one of those very clever men who, feeling themselves no geniuses, fret away their existence in straining to reach regions where they fancy the sacred fire is; so they lose themselves in themselves, become blind to what surrounds them, blind to men, blind to things, blind to everything but their own novels—Athos-monk-like. Thus was it with Berlioz, with the result that his music is ungenial to the last degree, making here a curious and striking contrast to Schumann, most genial, most kind of singers. Berlioz's music has everything you like except LIFE—without which music is worth what? His laboured and complex structures have about as much of the vital spark, about as much spontaneity in them, as one of Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke's automata; they are a sham, in fact, interesting enough to look at, perhaps, but not calculated to inspire you with affection. Of course all this is said in a general way, broadly speaking. Berlioz having been anything but an automaton himself, we must expect to find here and there in what he did a

† Pins and Pelicans!—what next? C. Querc.

‡ "A man like Massenet!" By Jingo! Serpinus Wind.

§ Give us the "Fantastic" by all means, Stephen Round.

small tincture of life: but he was not intended by Nature to be a musician, he was a poet and genius, everything—what—anything but a musician; he hadn't a musical temperament.

This is going too far (!) Even in this whirlwind haunted desert of a "Fantastic Symphony" we come occasionally to some strange lake where the dark sky is reflected, the clouds break for a moment, and a faint star glimmers in the water; but soon the sand whirlwinds set in again furiously, and all sorts of unearthly phantasms have it entirely to themselves. The sinister and ghoul-like Funeral March is the best thing in the whole symphony, it is worth while wading through the rest for it, which is saying not a little. Its opening motive inclines to blot out the afore-written; it haunts one, it is fine, but the inspiration lasts no longer than a flash of lightning, one flash in a year of black night.

When Berlioz is intelligible he is quite commonplace, the ball-room movement and the "leit motive" are examples; his thunder is fit for a pantomime, with a few other pieces of dotage and childish eccentricity, called by admirers "orchestral devices."

Balzac, in his *Curé de Village*, makes the peculiarity of genius its being like everybody but nobody like it; perhaps on hearing Berlioz he'd have changed his mind, for certainly Berlioz succeeded in one of his endeavours, that is, in being different from everybody else; at any rate, whilst waiting for more light to shine, it seems to me that this composer's music, such as it is, lies not in the heart but in the brain, and it's all very well to talk about intellect, &c., but intellect alone is not the finest thing in the world.

I will conclude by making a slight comparison between the respective orchestras of M. Padeloup and M. Colonne. The latter is stronger than its sister in individuals, but, as an organic whole, is inferior. At the Cirque d'Hiver certain parts of the orchestra know when to make themselves subservient to the other parts, thus getting a picturesqueness in various strengths and qualities of sound; at the Châtelet each musician plays at exactly the same loudness as his neighbour, the result being an absence of colour; for one can modulate in intensity as well as in pitch, and the various instruments can contrast one with the other. Also there is both more "go" and more delicacy in M. Padeloup's orchestra. This was easily noticeable after hearing both orchestras play within a short interval the "Fantastic Symphony." Schumann's *Manfred*, and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. M. Colonne brings out the most novelties; he may be said to be rearing young art in Paris, but he ignores modern Germany. Neither Schubert, Sterndale Bennett, nor Brahms is ever introduced into the programme by either conductor, and I would remind both that Schumann's works do not consist only of *Manfred* and the B flat Symphony; though, by-the-bye, had he composed nothing else, he would still be an indescribable God.\*

However, here is another Parisian musical season come to an end; so the chief thing is to thank M. Colonne and M. Padeloup, with their orchestras, for the work so conscientiously done in the cause of Art, work capable of enormous results when we consider the success achieved by their concerts, without which, be it remembered, Paris would not have the slightest claim to be considered a musical city.

Polham.

Paris ("across the Straits"), May Day.

[Our correspondent strictly enjoins us not to alter anything in this letter. We have altered nothing, and have omitted nothing to speak of. Nevertheless, the editor of a paper has certain unquestionable rights, as well as duties. Berlioz can take care of himself, so can Gounod, so can Rossini and Verdi, and so can D. P.]

#### NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.

The first public concert for exhibiting the talents of students in this newly-established institution was held on Monday night in St James's Hall, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Prince and Princess Christian, and other personages of note, honouring it with their presence. The occasion, we need hardly say, was, for reasons frequently put forward, one of special interest, and it is gratifying to add that the result for the most part fully bore out the expectations of those who take a personal interest in the school. The programme, for which, it may be presumed, we are indebted to the Principal, Dr Arthur Sullivan, who conducted the entire performance, was well suited to the object immediately in

view, affording opportunities for the display of talent, both vocal and instrumental, in a diversity of styles. True, there was only one example of composition claiming to be the work of a student; but that one, an overture in C major, by Master Eugene d'Albert, a mere boy, revealed such high promise—talent, indeed, already so incontestable—as to create an impression difficult to efface. It may be stated without further preamble that this young gentleman was the hero of the evening. His overture, if not affording any marked evidence of originality, which at his age it would be absurd to expect, is admirably written throughout, and instrumented for the orchestra with a perspicuous clearness giving to every thought its intended significance. Constructed upon the orthodox plan of the old masters, a brief introduction leads to an *allegro*, which has its leading theme, counter-theme, in a well-opposed *cantabile*, *codetta*, "free fantasia," in which the subject-matter is cleverly wrought out, return to leading theme, counter-theme, &c., succeeded by a prolonged *coda*, and *stretto* to wind up—all in strict form, pure harmony, and without a hint at exaggeration. We believe that Master d'Albert is a pupil of Dr Sullivan in composition; and, if so, he does honour to his eminent instructor. But this exceptionally-gifted youth is not merely a composer; he is a pianist as well, and what kind of pianist may best be understood when it is stated that, at the end of the first part, he played Schumann's Concerto in A minor, one of the most exacting known pieces, with masterly ease and a thorough comprehension of the text—trusting entirely to memory. This, from one of his years, was truly surprising, and justified in all respects the enthusiastic applause it elicited.

We cannot enter into a detailed account of number after number in a programme long enough to occupy some three hours. Other pianists were heard with favour—Mr Herbert Sharpe, for instance, in two of Chopin's most familiar *Etudes*; Mr Frederick Cliffe, in one of Schumann's *Nocturnes* and a "Hunting piece" by Rheinberger (who surely while writing it must have been thinking all the time of Stephen Heller's characteristic fantasy, *La Chasse*); Miss Adelaide Thomas, in a "Nocturne" by Chopin and Liszt's adaptation of Paganini's "Campanella"—all evincing talent in a greater or lesser degree. A lady violinist, too, Miss Lucy Riley, showed considerable skill in her execution of the well-known *Fantaisie-Caprice* of Vieuxtemps, with orchestral accompaniments, and obtained encouraging applause; and last, not least, Mr William Hodge, by his spirited execution of J. S. Bach's *Toccata* and *Fugue* in D minor, on the organ, excited a large share of attention from those among the audience who, instead of engaging in loud talk among themselves, preferred listening to what was going on in the orchestra. The vocal part of the programme can merely be glanced at. Among the most noticeable solo displays were the beautiful air, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out," from Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, Miss Gertrude Bradwynn (contralto); Mozart's "Deh, per questo," Miss Minnie Webb (soprano); and "Revenge! Timotheus cries!" Mr Frederick King (bass). Best of all was the great *scena* of Leonora, from *Fidelio*; but Miss Annie Marriott, to whom this was assigned, cannot now be fairly ranked in the category of students, being already an accepted public singer. There were other vocal solos, besides concerted pieces, the execution of which did credit to the students, but which it is impossible to comment upon now. The chorus of children, "Hosanna," from the *finale* to Part I. of Dr Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*, the success of which, at the Birmingham Festival, is not forgotten, showed also that this department of vocal tuition is well-cared for. The orchestra, with Mr Carrodus as leading violin, performed its duties with the utmost efficiency, and in the overture of Master d'Albert, inspired by the zeal of their conductor, as well as by their own sympathy for the young Englishman, naturally took more than ordinary interest.

The Royal party arrived at the beginning of the concert and remained till the end, when the National Anthem was sung. The attendance, however, was by no means so large as had been confidently expected.—*Times*.

Mr John Farmer's Oratorio, *Christ and His Soldiers*, which has gained so much popularity from the fact of its having been so successful in appealing to the feelings of the young, the object for which it was written, is again announced for performance at St James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, July 5, at three o'clock. The soloists will be Miss José Sherrington, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr Arthur Hooper, and Mr Thurley Beale, with a selected orchestra and chorus (including Mr Stedman's choir boys) of 350 performers. Organist, H. J. Stark, Mus Bac. Conductor, Mr John Farmer. The oratorio will be preceded by the "Pageant Music" or serenade for full orchestra, written by the same composer for the opening of the Art Museum at Nottingham.

\* "Tincture of life" (especially "a small tincture") is good as "the mobbed queen." A. S. Silent.

† Small "g," *s'il vous plait*.—Petitpape of Winchelsea.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—Much obliged for the article, but had already seen it with infinite distaste. Sarah is a genius, and Francisque (*quid?*) a twaddler. (*Pronounce twaddler, not twaddler.*)

ALARCOS?—A lark (old) 'os.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

## TO SARAH BERNHARDT.

(From the "World.")

How vain and dull our common world must seem,  
To such a one as Thou, who should'st have talked  
At Florence to Mirandola, and walked  
With young Charmides in the Academe!  
Thou should'st have gathered reeds from a green stream  
For goat-foot Pan's shrill piping, and have played  
With the white girls in that Phaeacian glade,  
Where grave Odysseus awakened from his dream.

Ah, surely once some urn of Attic clay  
Held thy wan dust; and thou hast come again  
Back to this world we count so dull and vain,  
For thou wert weary of the sunless day,  
The heavy fields of scentless asphodel,  
The loveless lips ————

OSCAR WILDE.

## Herr Grünfeld.

And 'a babbled of green fields. (MRS QUICKLY.)



Kennst Du das Land wo die Ci - tro-nen blühen

IN an article on Miss Robertson's concert the *Daily Telegraph* writes as follows about this comparatively new pianist;—



"The solo pianist was Herr Grünfeld, an artist introduced to the English public at the recent Orchestral Festival Concerts. Herr Grünfeld played a gavotte by Bach, a nocturne by Chopin, a rigadon by Raff, and a fantasia of his own on Wagnerian themes—works well suited to the occasion, but not to the testing of their performer's highest powers. Those will, no doubt, be proved in due course; meanwhile it is clear enough that Herr Grünfeld has the essential qualities of a distinguished executant. He knows the key-board well, and if, occasionally, a wrong note be heard, it is in music which no earthly power could guarantee against inaccuracy. The key-board, however, is known well by many in these days of skilful mechanism, and Herr Grünfeld's more special distinction lies in an exquisite sense of touch, together with a perfect command over its resources. We sometimes applaud pianists for showing that each hand is independent of the other as regards force, but this artist has so mastered dynamics that every finger seems endowed on occasion with a separate power, though all can work together with perfect uniformity. Few pianists, if any, excel Herr

Grünfeld here, and when he plays music so tender and delicate as that of a Chopin Nocturne the charm is complete. Let us add that he is equally an adept in the fashionable art of fighting the piano-forte, his blows being of that 'straight-from-the-shoulder' type, which in other arenas secure an ovation. Herr Grünfeld's performance of his own fantasia was very striking, but, perhaps, his audience remember more gratefully the pleasantness of his serene mood."

If Herr Grünfeld played his "improvisations" on Wagner's "infinite melos" less frequently, he would give more convincing proofs of his "far removedness" from the ordinary sphere of improvisaticity. We care not greatly for improvisations that be not improvised. Improvisations should invariably come on the spur of some moment, or the spurs of some moments, never on the saddle of the hour, or the saddles of some hours. When comfortably horsed, you may chew the cud, conjure back lost periwinkles and sandbiters of reflectivity, and once at home, making choate that which is inchoate, fashion your improvisation at ease, swallow a phenicopter, exchanging sly glances with Annette Essipoff (that squirrel among pianists who, lizard-semlant, gliding under the feet of libbards, sparkles as she glides, and laughs immoderately in her skin of skins), improvise before the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe. No—to improvise is to improvise. Corinne improvised while her wheezy husband coughed; Colomba improvised, while Miss Lydia Neville (most delightful of all "Misses") smote imaginary Barreicinis with Colomba's bright stiletto; but Corinne and Colomba improvised on the spur or spurs of some moment or moments. Ask Sir Flamborough Head.



"Madame! Je n'ai pas l'honneur de vous connaitre." Hans von Bülow to the rescue! Otto Reard.

## ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 26th:—

Overture, <i>Cherry Chase</i> ... ..	Macfarren.
Pastorale, "Le Chant du Pâtre" ... ..	A. Dupont.
Fantasia on a Chorale (E major) ... ..	W. T. Best.
Adagio, in E flat, from a Quartet ... ..	Spohr.
Elegy—(No. 6 of Six Organ Pieces) ... ..	E. Silas.
Procession March, <i>Ruins of Athens</i> ... ..	Beethoven.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 28th:—

Organ Concerto (No. 2. B flat major) ... ..	Handel.
L'Adieu des Bergers à la Sainte Famille, Pastoral	
Chorus, <i>L'Enfance du Christ</i> ... ..	Berlioz.
Sarabande, dans le Style Ancien ... ..	A. Dupont.
Prelude and Fugue (A minor) ... ..	Bach.
Andante con moto—(Series of Organ Pieces, No. 1)	H. Smart.
Toccata for the Organ (F major) ... ..	C. M. Widor.

The new Lohengrin at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Thursday night, was a great and well-merited success. The position of Sig. Candidus may now be looked upon, beyond future question, as secured.

MME ETRKA GERSTER, having been prevented by indisposition from taking part in the concert at Her Majesty's Theatre on behalf of the Great Northern Hospital, has added a donation of twenty guineas to the funds of that excellent charity.—*Graphic*.

On the occasion of the Imperial Golden Wedding, the Emperor Wilhelm conferred the Commander's Grand Cross of the Hohenzollern House Order on Herr von Hulsen, Intendant-General of the Prussian Theatres Royal.

## Cambridge University.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF  
BACHELOR OF MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 386.)

Friday, May 30, 1879. 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.

## HARMONY.

I. State in what does the second inversion of the chord of the dominant 7th in music written subsequently to the birth of Mozart differ in constitution and treatment from the analogous chord in music written previously to the death of Handel.

II. State five peculiarities of perfect intervals which distinguish them in constitution and treatment from all major and minor and all augmented and diminished intervals.

III. State why fundamental discords do not require preparation.

IV. State when the interval of a 4th is a discord and when a concord.

V. State between which two notes in a chord of the 9th there is danger of proceeding in 5ths when resolving the chord upon one whose root is a 4th above the root of the chord of the 9th.

VI. Write a bass, with figures to denote the harmony, to the following tune.



Music, and Special Examination in Music for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts:—

CLASS I. (arranged in order of merit).

	Crook	Queen's
	Smith	St John's
	Taylor	
Equal	Lane	Trinity
	Latham (B.A. 1864)	
	Sumner	St John's
	Stevens	

CLASS II. (arranged in alphabetical order).

Ainley		McKendrick	
Bennett		McNaught	
Bourke		Morley (B.A. 1878)	Pembroke
Briggs		Moxon	
Brion		Parsons (B.A. 1874)	St John's
Broadhouse		Pearson	
*Browne	Clare	Roberts	
Dewberry, W.	Christ's	Robinson	Trinity
Dewberry, F.	Caius	*Russell, M.H.	St John's
Fall		Shinn	
*Gale	St John's	Stoko	Emmanuel
Halton		Tunstall	St John's
Laskey		Turpin	
Leaver		Venables	
Lee		Watson	St John's
McGhie			

\* Entitled to the Degree of B.A.

G. A. MACFARREN, }  
GEORGE GARRETT, } Examiners.  
SEDLEY TAYLOR, }

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

If there was ever an ideal conception ideally wrought out, it is the *Andromache* of Sarah Bernhardt. It would hold its own against the *Hermione* of Rachel, which used to cast everything that approached it in the shade. No lover of the great French drama should be absent from the second performance of Racine's magnificent tragedy. Why does not the ineffable Sarah play Camille, and once more galvanize into life the *Horatii* and *Curatii*?

MR. W. GANZ, now sole director of the New Philharmonic Concerts, has brought his first season successfully to an end. At the last concert there was a *contretemps*, it is true; but this was easily remedied. Dr Hans von Bülow, who was to have played two concertos (as though one were not enough), being dissatisfied at rehearsal, quitted the orchestra abruptly, and refused to appear on the day following, when a large audience expected him. At the eleventh hour, nevertheless, the director had succeeded in finding a substitute—a thoroughly competent substitute—in the accomplished French pianist, M<sup>me</sup> Montigny-Rémaury, who, at a moment's notice, and without any rehearsal, played Schumann's concerto in A minor—a by no means easy piece, for conductor, orchestra, or pianist—in a style so spirited, finished, and masterly that the audience applauded her with enthusiasm, forgetting the while that Hans von Bülow was conspicuous by his absence.

THERE is no secret in the fact that the real name of the vivacious London correspondent of *Le Ménestrel* belongs also to the stage-manager of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and we may confidently assume that what "De Retz" asserts is not far from a declaration by Signor Tagliafico. When, therefore, we find "De Retz," or Signor Tagliafico, in a condition of comic perplexity with regard to M. Paladilhe's opera *Suzanne*, our sympathies are moved. *Suzanne*, we need not say, has been promised by Mr Gye, who, it now appears, did not fully estimate all the attendant difficulties of the undertaking; and these are at present so much embarrassing the stage-manager that, unless the librettists will allow a change of place to China or other distant country, he is a "lost man." The scene of M. Paladilhe's first act lies, it appears, in the environs of Cambridge, and when the curtain rises the villagers are discovered singing in chorus, as is the wont of villagers at all operatic times and seasons. The burden of their chant runs thus: "It is the hop that makes

us drunk like a generous wine." Surely a very natural article of faith—operatically natural at all events—for an English crowd to recite; but Signor Tagliafico is troubled by the fact that hops do not grow in Cambridgeshire. Again, the same peasants are represented as waiting the arrival of a mail coach to learn whether Oxford or Cambridge has won the boat race on the Thames. Once more, a very natural thing; but Signor Tagliafico shudderingly bethinks him that the action of the drama takes place in 1787, when the Universities knew no aquatic rivalry. Under these circumstances, what is a poor stage-manager to do? Signor Tagliafico answers, "Go to China," where the operatic peasants can truthfully sing in praise of tea, and it would be easy to get up "a junk race between the Universities of Peking and Hong Kong." But, after all, the excellent Covent Garden official is frightening himself at shadows. Realism in opera nobody looks for, and certainly nobody would resent a Cambridgeshire hop song or a University boat race on the ground of impossibility, since in opera the impossible is always happening.—D. T.

THE pianists already engaged by Messrs Gatti for their Covent Garden Concerts are Mad. Montigny-Rémaury, Mad. Esipoff, and Mr Charles Hallé. Miss Bessie Richards will come later in the season. If she will come, she is well-come. Among the violinists we all hope to hear Fernanda Tedesca.

TALK of French acting! Good; we like to talk about it. Nevertheless go and see Christine Nilsson's *Elsa*, and behold a Swede acting to perfection in a foreign language, and singing while acting. *Palman qui meruit, &c.—Quid plura?*

AT his second recital in St James's Hall, the other day, Dr Hans von Bülow proved that he had "no left hand"—which old John Cramer said of the pianist, Alexander, the great Dreyschok.

THE success of Mozart's opera, *La Flûte Enchantée* (*Die Zauberflöte*), at the Opéra-Comique, is almost unprecedented, and affords another proof of the continued advance of the Parisians in a taste and appreciation for music of the highest class.

AT the first public concert of the students of the National Training School for Music a marked sensation was created by the talent of Master Eugène d'Albert, pupil of Dr Arthur Sullivan, Principal of the institution. That this young gentleman is a precocious genius there can be little doubt. His orchestral overture in C minor, though the work of a boy of thirteen, would have done no discredit to a composer of maturer experience; while his performance (from memory) of Schumann's fine and difficult concerto in A minor, both as regards execution and reading, would have satisfied Schumann himself.—*Graphic*.

Sarah Bernhardt.

(A M. le Rédacteur du "Times.")

MONSIEUR,—Je suis un peu étonnée que vous ayez prêté la publicité du *Times* à la lettre de "Belgravia" sans vous être informé avant de la véracité du fait. Cette lettre m'a vivement blessée. Je vous affirme, Monsieur, que j'ai prévenu M. Meyer à 11 heures Samedi. Jusqu'à 11 heures j'ai espéré jouer, mais les vomissements de sang ayant repris très violents à 11 heures j'ai dû renoncer à mon désir. Je regrette que M. Meyer n'ait pas envoyé constater ma maladie. Ce n'est pas la mode en France; mais il n'est point de mode non plus de douter mon état très-maladif. Le public anglais, qui a pour moi une si grande bienveillance, ne doit pas plus longtemps croire que j'ai manqué au respect et à la reconnaissance que je lui dois. Quant à mes "nerfs," comme dit "Belgravia," je ne les ai jamais aussi bien sentis qu'en lisant sa lettre.

Veuillez, Monsieur, avoir l'extrême courtoisie de donner l'hospitalité à ma lettre, et agréer, je vous prie, l'assurance de mes meilleurs sentiments.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—The twenty-eighth season of these concerts, and the first solely directed by Mr Ganz, came to an end on Saturday last. "All is well that ends well" says the proverb, but, we hope, the converse does not hold equally good, since a decided mishap occurred at this final performance. Dr Hans von Bülow had been announced to play Tschaiakowsky's concerto, as well as Weber's concertstück, and it is more than possible that many amateurs regarded his promised appearance in the light of an attraction. The doctor may not be such a lion amongst us as he once was; we having grown accustomed to his roar; but no degree of familiarity can, in this case, verify a well-known adage, and even his openly-expressed contempt for most things English is not returned in kind. Doubtless, therefore, St James's Hall received on Saturday afternoon a crowd of visitors in whose minds the doctor, with his beloved Tschaiakowsky, was uppermost. Imagine their disappointment when it became known that, for some reason or other, officially described as "indisposition," Herr von Bülow would not appear. It was rumoured that he had taken a prominent part at rehearsal, but, of course, we have not the smallest right to go behind the director's statement, and can only say that, while we regret Herr von Bülow's absence for the sake of his admirers, we still more regret its cause, earnestly hoping that "indisposition" may never again manifest itself at such an important moment. In the doctor's absence Mme Montigny-Rémaury bravely came forward to play, without any sort of rehearsal, Schumann's difficult concerto in A minor. Had her performance been ever so bad, we could not reasonably utter a word of adverse criticism; but, as a matter of fact, it was surprisingly good, and calls only for hearty praise. The audience—recovered from the shock of Dr. von Bülow's defection—took most kindly to his improvised substitute, and the French pianist may reckon the occasion among her greatest London successes. This, however, was not all in the way of making up for disappointment. Resolved to be on the safe side, Mr Ganz determined that it needs an Austrian violinist as well as a Parisian pianist to balance a von Bülow. Hence, the introduction of Mdle Bertha Haft, a young lady from Vienna, who played a barcarolle by Spohr and a rondo by Bazzini so well that the audience recalled her three times to receive their congratulations. After this it is superfluous to add that the director quite filled up the ugly gap in his scheme. But he did more. All unconsciously he brought down poetic justice on Dr. von Bülow's head. The doctor has before now sneered at "petticoat pianists," and on Saturday one of them, helped by a sister in art, played him out of the mind of an audience gathered largely on his account. Besides the works which were not performed, the programme contained Beethoven's *Leonora* overture, the prelude to *Tannhäuser*, and Spohr's longest, if not in all respects greatest, symphony, *The Consecration of Sound*. Each of these masterpieces gave the orchestra an opportunity to make its mark, and the chance was not thrown away, although in no case could entire exemption from criticism be justly claimed. The vocalist was Herr Anton Schott, from the Royal Opera, Hanover, who, in Mozart's "Diess Bildnis," Weber's "Unter blühenden Mandelbäumen," and other songs, elicited much applause. At the close of the concert the audience called for Mr Ganz, and paid him the compliments due to the spirit with which he had carried the season through.—D. T.

**MADAME JENNY VIARD-LOUIS.**—When Mme Viard-Louis started these concerts and took upon herself the heavy responsibilities such things involve, it was expected that she would not long continue. There is no precedent, as far as we know, in English musical history for the lengthened doing, by a single individual, of work which taxes the energies of associations like the Philharmonic and other kindred societies. On the other hand, precedents in far too great number exist for such a loss at starting as must necessarily entail serious, if not fatal, discouragement. But those who looked for Mme Viard-Louis' prompt discomfiture reckoned without her noble trust in ultimate victory—a feeling which always robs initial disaster of half its terrors. The French artist has now persevered through two seasons, and the programme of the concert held in St James's Hall on Wednesday night gave promise of a third, by announcing

that the performances will be resumed in October next. This is the kind of "pluck" which commands admiration, and attracts to itself the support that, perhaps, nothing else could so readily secure. We rejoice at its manifestation, as must every amateur in the metropolis, since it points to an encouraging condition of the enterprise, and bids us look forward to the continuance of concerts whose value, in their way, cannot easily be over-estimated. The programme of the final performance on Wednesday resembled all its predecessors as far as it was a combination of new and standard works. Three novelties were given; first, a pianoforte concerto in G minor, by Herr Oscar Raif, Professor at the Royal Academy, Berlin, who himself, as soloist, helped to introduce it; next a minuet for orchestra, by Mr Joseph Williams, better known as "Florian Pascal;" and, last, an overture, *Patrie*, by Georges Bizet. The concerto is Herr Raif's Opus 1, and, therefore, was not expected to recommend itself as a great work. But it proved to be interesting. The second movement, or "Romance," is decidedly pretty, and the concerto as a whole presents individual features, in association with orthodox rule, to an extent warranting some expectation of better things to come. Herr Raif played in vigorous style, and received hearty applause when he had safely accomplished his task. Mr Williams' minuet is ingeniously written, with greater elaboration of detail than we usually find in pieces of its class. Its "trio" is especially engaging, and the composer may be encouraged to persevere in writing for the orchestra, as also to undertake, next time, a more ambitious feat. Coming to the standard works, we have first of all highly to praise Mr. Weist Hill and his noble orchestra for a performance of Spohr's *Consecration of Sound* such as not often demands gladly conceded admiration. This effort well crowned the work of the season, and enabled conductor and followers to lay down *baton* and instruments with a feeling that the climax had come in its proper place. It would be a thousand pities to break up and disperse such an orchestra as that Mr Hill commands. In some respects it is the best musical organization we are able to boast, and a consciousness of the fact increases the anxiety with which the progress of Mme Viard-Louis' enterprise is watched. Let us, therefore, hope and trust that nothing may occur to separate an admirable chief from equally meritorious subordinates, or to hinder their united labours for the good of art. The orchestra further played Gounod's "Pontifical March," and Bizet's overture referred to above, with which the concert ended. Independent in form, being a series of episodes rather than a composition worked out *secundum artem*, this overture labours under certain easily imagined disadvantages, but the mark of the composer is firmly impressed upon it, and Bizet, as all now know, was a genius in his way. Mme Viard-Louis and Mr Hill, to whom amateurs owe so much, deserve renewed thanks for introducing *Patrie* to English notice, the more because it inclines us to anticipate eagerly the MS. symphony promised for next season. The solo chosen by Mme Viard-Louis at this concert was Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*, and the manner in which she played music so familiar needs not a word of description, especially as the artist's powers are by this time fully known. Enough that the audience rewarded Mme Viard-Louis with loud applause and a re-call, which may be taken as expressing, besides approval of her playing, a sense of the immense obligation under which her enterprise has laid musical London. The vocalists were Mme Mary Cummings and Signor Candidus, who sang Weber's "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," a song by Fuchs, and in German, instead of the original French, Gounod's "Chanson du Printemps," making his chief success in the last-named. The fine voice of Mme Cummings was heard to advantage in Handel's "Cangio d'aspetto," which the audience resolutely encored on the vocalist's second return to the platform.—D. T.

**MADAME LOUISE LIEBHART.**—The name of Madame Liebhart, once so universally welcome and familiar, seems to have dropped almost out of the musical record. It is matter for universal regret that one of the most accomplished ballad singers of the time should keep herself in comparative retirement, but we trust that *impresarii* will take the initiative and induce Madame Liebhart to quit her self-imposed seclusion. The concert of this gifted lady, held at the residence of Major Carpenter, in Ashley Place, on Monday last, was well patronized and brilliantly attended. The programme was as long as the now historic speech of the Burgomaster in *Geneviève de Brabant*, and far more interesting; but to deal with it in detail is out of the question. Madame Liebhart, however, sang Abt's "Guten Morgen," Schubert's "Ständchen," G. B. Allen's setting of Byron's "In silence and tears," and Marzials' "Twickenham Ferry" in her very best style, gaining hearty applause from the entire audience. Miss Lillie Albrecht played in her accustomed excellent fashion Thalberg's *Masaniello* fantasia, and took part with Miss Marion Beard in Oberthur's duo for piano and harp on themes from *Lucrezia Borgia*; further aid being vouchsafed by Messrs Arthur Oswald, Albert, Urio, and Herbert Mayhew, Mesdames Mary Cummings,

Thaddeus Wells, and Lena Hayes, Mdles Purdy, Bessie Brooke, Bertha Haft (violin), Cowen (recitations), and Bessie Richards. The last-named accomplished young pianist played Grieg's "Minuet," a "Song without Words" by Mendelssohn, and Schumann's "Grillen"—all with the utmost finish, and to the entire satisfaction of connoisseurs. The concert was a thorough success, affording the utmost satisfaction to the accomplished Austrian lady's many friends and admirers.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON LADIES' CHOIR, under the direction of Mrs Arthur O'Leary, gave Reinecke's *Snowdrop* on Wednesday, June 18, at the residence of Mrs W. Conway, Emperor's Gate. The solos were undertaken by Miss Halliwell, whose singing earned well-merited applause from a discriminating audience. Miss F. Elliott recited the connecting verses. In the course of the evening Miss S. Morgan played Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando* in such a manner as to win general approval.

SIGNOR AND MDLLES BADIA'S *matinée musicale* was given at the residence of Mr and Mrs Atcherley, in Brook Street, on Wednesday, June 25th. The programme contained many of the most popular compositions of Signor Badia, including a trio, "Mattina e Sera" (Preg'hiera), sung by the Mdles Badia and Franchi, "L'Araba in Italia" (Romanza), "Un bacio sol" (Melodia), "Com'era bella" (Romanza), "Rataplan," "O vezzosina tanto" and "Tutto le Femmine," sung by Mdle Franchi and Signors Bettini, Monari-Rocca, and Urio. There were also two duets from the same pen—"Notturmo" and "Barcarolla"—charmingly rendered by the gifted sisters. Signor Tito Mattei was set down for two of his own most popular compositions—*Peine du cœur* and *Fête champêtre*; M. Holmann contributing two solos for violoncello—*Andante religioso* (Servais) and *Arlequin* (Popper), which he has frequently played with success. Signor Badia presided at the pianoforte.

MR MARSHALL HALL BELL'S *matinée* was given on Tuesday, June 24, at the residence of Mrs Gwynne Holford, 31, Grosvenor Square, when he was assisted by Mdme Pezze, Signor Pezze (violin-cello), and Mr Radcliffe (flute). We subjoin the programme:—

Solo, pianoforte, Fantasia, in F sharp minor (Mendelssohn)—Mr Marshall H. Bell; Song, "Voi che sapete" (Mozart)—Mdme Pezze; Moderato, violoncello and pianoforte (M. H. Bell)—Signor Pezze and Mr Bell; Song, "Don't forget me" (Ciro Pinsuti)—Mdme Pezze; Sonata, in C, flute and pianoforte (Bach)—Mr Radcliffe and Mr Bell; Polonaise, in C, violoncello and pianoforte (Chopin)—Signor Pezze and Mr Bell; Solos, pianoforte, Melody from *Elfin of the Lake*, and "Sighing Winds" (W. H. Holmes)—Mr Marshall H. Bell; Song, "Quando a te lieta" (Gounod)—Mdme Pezze, violoncello *obligato*, Signor Pezze; Solo, violoncello, "Arlequin" (D. Popper)—Signor Pezze; Solos, pianoforte, Romance, in A flat (Mozart), and Polonaise (Beethoven)—Mr Marshall H. Bell.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the audience was numerous and fashionable. Mr Marshall Bell's performances were listened to with evident pleasure, especially his rendering of Beethoven's Polonaise and a charmingly characteristic piece by Mr W. H. Holmes, entitled "Sighing Winds."

MISS MARION BEARD, the accomplished harpist, had an evening concert on Monday at Lancaster Gate, attended by a fashionable audience. Her programme contained novelties highly appreciated. Miss Beard and Signor Li Calsi opened in a brilliant duet for harp and piano by C. Oberthür. The fair concert-giver's greatest success, however, was in the same author's "Concertino" for harp, the orchestral parts being confided to a pianoforte (Miss Alma Sanders) and a string quartet. Miss Beard was also assisted by Mrs Osgood, who introduced a new song by Mr Cowen and Lady Lindsay's "Love at the Gate"; Miss Fairman, who sang Beethoven's "Creation Hymn"; Mdme Liebhart, who pleased as usual; Signor Urio, Signor Vergara, and Signor Isidore de Lara. The last-named contributed Mr E. Aguilar's "Ferry Boat," in which he was accompanied by the composer. Miss Beard, also a skilled vocalist, was much applauded in a *romanza* by Roland and a new song by Ardit, accompanying herself on the harp. In Handel's "Largo," for violin, harp, and organ, the violin solo was cleverly played by Signor Erba. Signor Tito Mattei played in brilliant style two of his piano pieces, and Signor Albert gratified the audience with an effective violoncello solo of his own composition. The recitations of Miss Cowen ("Lady Maud's Oath") and Mdle Ardit ("Papa's Letter") were agreeable additions to the programme. The concert concluded with C. Oberthür's "Grand National Quartet," for four harps, played by Misses Beard and V. Trust, Herr A. Sjoden, and the author. The entire performance afforded real satisfaction to the audience.

THE first of Signor Vergara's morning recitals of Italian opera was given in the Steinway Hall on Saturday, the opera chosen being *Rigoletto*. There was a complete cast, with chorus and orchestra. The music for Gilda was sung by Miss Beata Francis, a lady who

possesses a very sweet soprano voice of considerable compass and power. Her most successful efforts were the *aria*, "Caro nome che il mio," and the duet with Rigoletto at the end of the second act, in which she sang with much feeling and taste. The tenor solos were given by Signor Urio, whose fine voice was heard to great effect in the *arias*, "E il sol dell'anima" and the well-known "La donna è mobile," and in the quartet with which the recital terminated. Signor Vergara sang the music of Rigoletto with great power and expression. The minor parts were creditably filled, but do not call for particular comment. The chorus was good, and there was an efficient orchestra under the direction of Mr Carter.

MDLE VICTORIA DE BUNSEN'S *matinée musicale* was given at the residence of Mrs Lloyd Price, Sussex Square, on Thursday, June 5, under the patronage and in the presence of the Crown Princess of Sweden and Norway, besides a large muster of the aristocracy. Mdle de Bunsen sang a duet by Verdi with Signor Urio, Rode's *Air with Variations* (unanimously encored and the last variation repeated), the quartet from *Rigoletto*, with Mdle Badia and Signors Urio and De Lara, and some Swedish melodies—all in the most finished style and with her accustomed success. Mdle Felicia de Bunsen played, in association with its composer, a duet for harp and piano, by Mr Oberthür, and a Romance and Polka de Concert of her own composition. Miss Bessie Richards added to the attractions of the programme by her admirable performance of one of the "Songs without Words" by Mendelssohn and a Mazurka by Chopin. Mdles Badia gave, in the most engaging manner, a duet from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, &c. Mr Trelawny Cobham, in the same composer's "Deserto in terra," and Mr de Lara, in his Oriental Serenade and *romanza*, "Ricordi," gave equal satisfaction. There were other features worth notice, which want of space alone prevents from mentioning one by one; but we cannot forget the impression made by Mdle Ardit's charming recital of "Papa's Letter." Messrs F. H. Cowen and Lindsay Sloper were the accompanists—*arcades ambo*; may their shadows never be less!

SIGNOR ISIDORE DE LARA gave a concert at St George's Hall on Saturday evening last, June 21, assisted by Mdmes Edith Wynne, Welmi, English, De Fonblanque, Zuliani, Mary Cummings, and Liebe, Mrs Frost, Messrs Barton McGuckin, Harper, Kearton, De Monaco, Liebe, and Tito Mattei. The conductors were Messrs Visetti, Lindsay Sloper, Bendall, Francesco Berger, and Signor de Lara. Mdme Cummings received an encore for Signor de Lara's "Lighted Home," Miss de Fonblanque for Blumenthal's "Old, old Story," and Signor de Lara for Francesco Berger's "Hans Sachs," which he sang with great spirit. All the artists generally did well, and their efforts were appreciated by a large audience. Special praise must be awarded to Mdme Liebe in Leclair's "Sarabande et Tambourini," for violin, played in artistic style. The feature at this concert was Signor de Lara's cantata, *Arnoldo ed Elnava*, the solo parts in which were taken by Signor de Monaco and Mdle Zuliani. The following is the argument:—

"It is night, the city is silent, but amid the tombs and cypresses of the cemetery the weird phantom lights dance mockingly. At one marble monument, which bears the name 'Elnava,' bends Arnoldo, crushed with grief. With Elnava joy and hope have vanished from his life, and at her tomb he resolves to end an existence which is but a living death. His hand is raised to strike the blow, when the chant of the monks in a neighbouring chapel falls on his ear, and the words remind him that he grieves not alone. Listening, he sees the marble tomb melt away in a flood of silvery light as the monks' chant dies off into a heavenly strain, and Elnava herself stands before him. 'Remember,' she says, 'Love dies not. In Memory lies Hope. Let not the rash deed of the present blot out the memory of the Love that has been, and the hope of the Love that yet may be.' The fatal dagger falls from hands outstretched in prayer, as, with glad song, the angels call back their wandering sister. The vision fades; but as once more the mournful chant sounds from the chapel, there comes from afar the last 'Hosanna' of the angel voices, and the mourner, no longer despairing, knows that *In Memory lies Hope*."

The cantata commences with a short prelude, in F minor, descriptive of the "mournful surroundings," followed by a recitative and *aria*, sung by Arnoldo. This is succeeded by a chorus of monks. The *entrée* of Elnava is marked by appropriate music, and the *aria* allotted to her was so well sung by Mdle Zuliani that the applause at the end was unanimous. A duet between Arnoldo and Elnava was encored. A like compliment was paid to the "Angels' chorus," perhaps the best piece in the cantata. The *finale* also won marked approval. The composer, with Mdle Zuliani and Signor de Monaco, were more than once called forward at the conclusion of the performance. The music is melodious throughout. The minor key, frequently used, imparts a mournful tone to the whole, but, as the subject is by no means merry, this is not to be deprecated. Signor de Lara's conducting was thoroughly efficient,

At the twenty-second *soirée* of the Schubert Society, the artists who made their first appearance were:—Misses Laura Gray and Chellis, Messrs Stephens and Shipley, vocalists; Miss Florence Elizabeth Bertini, pianist (aged nine years), who was called upon to repeat Mendelssohn's Fantaisie Impromptu, Leybach's *Sonnambula*; Misses Charlotte May and Goldsbro, and Mr Bishenden (who introduced a new song by Abt, "The Three Chords"). Mr Otto Booth (violin), and Herr Hause (pianoforte) also assisted. Herr Schubert conducted. The hall was very full.

#### PROVINCIAL.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN (*from a Correspondent*).—Since the Moore centenary festival, only one concert of particular interest has taken place in Dublin, and that was the concluding one of the season by the University Choral Society, under the capable direction of Sir R. P. Stewart. No concerts are more successful in Dublin than those of this society, founded thirty-eight years ago. The concerts, heretofore, have comprised a miscellaneous programme and a musical work by some well-known composer; but this, the last of the season, was signalized by the performance of two important pieces—viz., Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* and Henry Gadsby's *Lord of the Isles*—the latter produced here for the first time. Of the melodious strains pervading Mr Smart's work Dubliners are aware, as it was produced here some few years ago by the same society. Mr Gadsby's cantata was received very well. The first chorus, "Wake, maid of Lorne," was sung in a manner which speaks volumes for the admirable training of the chorus under Sir Robert Stewart's direction. The chorus, "Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark," and the convent duet, "Oh, holy Peace" (the former very effectively introduced in the overture), were received with marked favour. The performance on the whole was good, and would bear repetition. *The Bride of Dunkerron* formed the second part of the concert, and was received with the same favour awarded to its previous performance. The soloists were Miss J. Ward, Miss Hillery (an amateur), Messrs R. W. Smith, H. Lane, Baptywith, and R. M. Levey (leader), Mrs Mackey presiding at the harp.

P.S.—"Spex" has a very good likeness of Professor Glover in this week's *Zoz*. A great amount of sympathy has been caused here by the announcement of poor Packard's misfortune. He was an especial favourite in Dublin.

BRIGHTON.—Mme Liebhart was the vocalist at the Royal Aquarium concert last Saturday, and Mr Arthur L'Estrange the pianist. Mme Liebhart, who is a great favourite here, was in excellent voice, and warmly applauded after each of her songs. Mr L'Estrange contributed several pianoforte pieces, including Raff's study, "The Torrent," and a *Nocturne* and "Marche Funèbre," by Chopin. Mme Antoinette Sterling will sing at the concert this afternoon. Dr Hans von Bülow's recital takes place at the same time in the Royal Pavilion. The Brighton Harmonic Society announce a concert for Tuesday evening.

#### CLEVER AMATEURS.

Mrs Henry Frisby gave at her residence, James Street, Buckingham Gate, an afternoon musical reception on Tuesday last, on which occasion she collected around her, amongst others who contributed to the pleasure of the harmonious and melodious gathering, some rare amateur talent not often easy to bring together.

Amongst other vocal contributions, Miss Rosa Wilkinson, a young lady possessing a rich and highly cultivated mezzo contralto voice of rare quality and extended compass, displayed remarkable taste, facility of execution, and a perfect shake in a Mazurka by Chopin, arranged for the voice and pianoforte by Mme Viardot, who used to delight her audiences with it in days gone by. Mrs Crofts (*née* De Carne) exhibited her artistic skill and charming soprano voice in a duet by Ardit, with her husband, who has a tenor voice of pure and sympathetic quality. Their efforts created a highly favourable impression. Each of these agreeable vocalists, in addition, displayed their talents in songs which revealed their cultivated taste and acquirements. Mr Charles Colnaghi, well known in amateur theatrical circles as a clever histrion as well as vocalist, contributed the aid of his vocal attraction in two songs, which were highly appreciated. Mme Cerise gave an Italian *scena*, displaying considerable power, sweetness of voice, and artistic training. She also played, with Miss Manzocchi, a Tarantelle by Raff, *à quatre mains*, for the pianoforte. The last-named young lady, a pianist of cultivated talent, played, with Mr Henry W. Goodban, Chopin's Polonaise in C, and Rubinstein's Sonata in D, Op. 11, both for piano and violoncello. Her mastery of the keyboard is remarkable; her

touch is varied, delicate, elastic, and powerful at will, and her studies, founded on the classical works of the great masters, have resulted in a triumph over difficulties, which are now facilities, and a highly cultivated taste. All the points of effect in these too charming compositions were brought out with admirable precision, accent, and contrast, well and successfully testing the skill and power of both executants on their respective instruments. Each *morceau* in the programme was listened to with intent interest and appreciation by the numerous guests assembled under the auspices of the graceful hostess.

H. G.

#### TO THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.\*

Once more th'encrimson'd hands of war have rent  
From love's sweet clasp a young and gallant life;  
And England stands with sad eyes lowly bent  
Before the passion of that sorrow-strife  
Which shakes thee, childless mother, widow'd wife!

In England's cause thy princely hero fell;  
In England's heart shall be his laurel'd grave.  
Then, Empress, hear us, as we strive to tell  
A nation's true grief for thy Loved and Brave,  
As we thy Dead in England's tear-drops lave!

The brightest orb that in the heavens afar  
Lights our dark earth-night with its fair pure ray  
Must pale from sight, when o'er each lustrous star  
God sweeps the glories of the breaking day,  
And night within the sunrise melts away.

The God who loves thee, lady, knew what hour  
Was best, be sure, to lift thy son away.  
So rest thee in thy loyal Faith's strong power,  
And it shall lead thee, with its quenchless ray,  
Thro' e'en this night of woe to perfect day!

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June 20th, 1879.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

#### THE GAIETY AND THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

SIR,—I gather from a leader in the *Times* of to-day that M. Perrin—as quoted by M. Sarcey—attributes what he calls the "comparative failure" of *Le Sphinx* to certain shortcomings in the *mise-en-scène*. As far as my memory serves me, this new-born hunger for scenic splendour at the Théâtre-Français is hardly ten years old, and it dates from the introduction of certain plays upon that classic stage which many critics think are unworthy of the *répertoire* and the actors. I have fooled away as much money as most managers in what is called *mise-en-scène*, and in a theatre which pays a liberal annuity to the State, instead of being partially supported by the State with a liberal subvention. In undertaking to put forty-two pieces, more or less, on the Gaiety stage in the space of six weeks, it is obvious that I could only afford to mount them respectably, especially when I have to pay over £300 per night for working expenses. As a matter of fact, *Le Sphinx* was played to one of the largest houses of the French season.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

Gaiety Theatre, Strand, June 25th.

#### WAIFS.

Sig. Faccio has returned from Trieste to Milan.

*Fatiniza*, *La Marjolaine*, and *Madame Favart* have been produced in Boston (U. S.)

M. Philip Scharwenka is writing a choral work; the text founded on an Indian drama.

M. Sigismund Strakosch was recently in Milan, arranging an Italian tour for Signora Donadio.

Verdi's *Mass* is to be performed, under the direction of the composer, for a charitable purpose, at the Milan Scala.

The Norwegian composer, E. Grieg, gave a concert in Copenhagen, the programme consisting entirely of his own works.

Mdlle Victoria Blank, from the Stadttheater, Cologne, is engaged in place of Mdlle Schefsky, at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

It is proposed to build a theatre in Sophia, the future capital of Bulgaria, and a subscription has been started for the purpose.

The Mendelssohn Quintet Club has returned to Boston (U. S.) from a tour of nearly six months through the Southern States.

Herr von Suppé has gone, for the summer, to Gars, taking with him the libretto of a buffo-opera, *Donna Juanita*.

Mr John Thomas gave his annual concert on Thursday afternoon, in St James's Hall, to a full and fashionable audience. Particulars in our next.

It is said that Wagner intends going to Munich next winter for the purpose of personally superintending the re-getting-up of some of his operas.

Messrs Litoff have published a book of Mendelssohn's most popular songs, with English translations, very faithfully made by Miss M. K. Hayes.

Herr Hermann Uhde, one of the most eminent writers on subjects connected with the German stage, died recently, aged only thirty-three, at Geneva.

Mad. Nissen-Salaman has received another pressing invitation to leave the Russian capital and accept a professorship of singing at the Vienna Conservatory.

Someone asked the master of a coloured servant why the latter always wore an irreproachable white cravat. "To know where his head begins," was the reply.

Dr Horton Allison has been engaged to write a series of articles on "Pianoforte Music" in the new *Manchester Magazine*, the first to appear in the July number.

A "Festgesang," by Ferdinand Hiller, for solo singers, chorus, and full band, was performed by the Männergesangverein, Strassburg, on the eve of the Imperial Golden Wedding.

Mr Frederic Penna, who has been confined to his bedroom for nearly three weeks through a severe attack of low intermittent fever, is now, his many friends and admirers will be pleased to hear, convalescent.

A new four-act opera, *Matelda*, has been produced at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan, by a young composer, Signor Scontrino, who was called on some fourteen or fifteen times. (Fifteen hundred and forty-five times.—DR BLIDGE.)

The present drouth in Texas is unprecedented. The oat crop is past redemption; wheat is cut short; while corn and cotton prospects are poor. But, as long as the revolvers are not blighted, the Texan is perfectly happy. He would rather shoot than eat any day.

The Washington (U. S.) *Capital* tells us that the tramp's last dodge is to ask your advice about going to the next town. When you warmly advise him to go, he says, he has much confidence in your judgment and will emigrate further on at once. "But," he adds, "would not you advise me to borrow ten cents before I start?"

The general meeting of the members of the People's Concert Society was held on Tuesday, the Hon. Norman Grosvenor in the chair, the executive committee presenting their report for the first season. Seven concerts were given in Whitechapel and seven in Chelsea, fairly successful. Next winter it is intended to give concerts in four centres. By means of selections from the instrumental works of great composers, the society aims at creating a taste for good chamber music among those who have hitherto had little or no opportunity of hearing it.

Our Oxford correspondent telegraphs that at a convocation holden in the Sheldonian Theatre the honorary degree of Doctor in Music was conferred upon Sir H. Oakeley, professor of music in the University of Edinburgh, on G. A. Macfarren, professor of music in the University of Cambridge, also upon A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., of Trinity College, Cambridge. These gentlemen were severally introduced by Sir F. Osuley, professor of music in the University of Oxford, in a short Latin speech, and, on taking their seats among the doctors, were loudly applauded.—PICARON.

On Monday last Mr Kuhe celebrated his silver wedding. By a long course of earnest art work, Mr Kuhe has worthily gained the respect and esteem of the art world. In the attainment of the high position he now holds in the world of music, no one has helped him more than his amiable and accomplished wife. The entire profession, and every amateur of music, will cordially congratulate Mr and Mrs Kuhe on the attainment of their silver, and will express a hope that they may be spared to allow us to celebrate their golden, wedding.—*London Figaro*.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED.

STANLEY LUCAS, WERNER & Co.—"The Wrecked Hope," "The Forsaken," "O but to see her face again," songs by W. Howell Allchin. "For ever, Love, for ever," by W. F. Hayes.

METZLER & Co.—"Farewell," waltz, for piano, by Edward W. Saxey.

RICORDI.—"An Italian song" and "O Music sweet," by Ciro Pinsuti. "Raccolta di sei pezzi di concerto per organo," di Polibio Famagalli.

#### THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.\*

I.	There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb, Beneath is a soldier lying; The death wound came amid sword and plume, When banner and ball were flying. Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast, By wet wild-flowers surrounded, The church shadow o'er his place of rest, Where the steps of his childhood bounded.	III.	He came again in the light of his fame, When the red campaign was over; One heart that in secret had kept his name Was claimed by the soldier lover. But the cloud of strife came upon the sky, He left his sweet home for battle: From his young child's lip for the loud war cry, And the cannon's long death-rattle.
II.	There were tears that fell from manly eyes, There was woman's gentler weeping, And the wailing of age and infant cries, O'er the grave where he lies sleeping. He had left his home in his spirit's pride, With his father's sword and blessing, And stood with the valiant side by side, His country's wrongs redressing.	IV.	He came again—but an alter'd man, The path of the grave was before him; [and wan, And the smile that he wore was cold For the shadow of death hung o'er him. He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer: These are words that are vainly spoken [ear, To the childless mother, or orphan's Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engrav'd on the stone,  
Half hidden by yonder willow;  
There he sleeps whose death in battle was won,  
But who died on his own home-pillow.

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